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MULLER *versus* MENDELSSOHN.

Edinburgh, February 11th, 1853.

SIR,—I enclose an article about a Mr. Robert Muller, which has excited the ire of a resident German Professor of Music here, so much as to induce him to write to the Editor of the paper a defence of Mendelssohn, and an after condemnation of the said Mr. Robert Muller, and his pretensions for the enlightenment of the inhabitants of this northern metropolis. I think, however, he has let him off very easily, and forward you the two articles, that you may, if you think proper, administer a smarter flagellation in the pages of the *Musical World*. The twaddle of the Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* might have been of use to help to fill a column in the newspaper when matter was scarce; but now the season has begun, you have, doubtless, more important affairs to notice. Yours, —.

THE PUFF.

"ROBERT MULLER, Esq.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, in his letter of the 13th instant, has the following remarks, which we feel assured will be most gratifying to our talented townsman's numerous friends and the musical public in general:—"Lord Bloomfield recently received the commission to forward the diploma of 'pianist to the King of Saxony' to the eminent Scotch-German professor, M. Robert Muller, who has the honour of instructing her Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Cambridge. The distinction conferred upon the meritorious and distinguished pianist, whose superiority as an interpreter, especially of Beethoven's inspirations, cannot be better proved than by the fact that he was some time past selected, in preference to Mendelssohn, to perform the difficult symphony in 'F dur,' which is usually played at this place at the Beethoven commemoration festival, and is only entrusted to those who are regarded as master-interpreters of the immortal composer's most powerful productions. They say misfortunes rarely come singly. Happy strokes of fortune also sometimes arrive in pairs. During Robert Muller's last visit to Germany, he was enabled to establish his claims to a small hereditary landed property in Thuringia, which had given rise to a contest in consequence of some trifling mistake in the spelling of his father's name in the parochial register. M. Robert Muller's reception in the artistic and *dilettanti* world in Germany has been most flattering. He left Berlin, confirming all those who heard him in the opinion that no pianist of the day can excel him in faithfully infusing life and spirit into the compositions of classic masters, though the force, yet soberness of his execution, and through the fulness and richness of the tones which he draws from the submissive instrument. If Muller meets with the same encouragement and approbation in England that have been accorded to him in Germany, where the public are no mean judges, no serious or great instrumental concert ought to neglect his co-operation."

THE REPLY.

To the Editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*.

65, Castle-street,
Edinburgh, 2d February, 1853.

SIR,—Having read a notice headed "Robert Muller, Esq.," taken from a recent letter of the *Morning Chronicle*'s Berlin Correspondent, and which in going the round of the *Edinburgh press*, appeared in your paper of the 25th ult., I beg to offer a few remarks on the same.

In that article I read that—"The distinction conferred upon the meritorious and distinguished pianist, whose superiority as an interpreter, especially of Beethoven's inspirations, cannot be better proved than by the fact that he was sometime past selected, in preference to Mendelssohn, to perform the difficult Symphony in F dur, which is usually played at this place at the Beethoven Commemoration Festival, and is only entrusted to those who are regarded as master-interpreters of the immortal composer's most powerful productions."

I cannot help thinking that either the Berlin correspondent does not know anything at all about music, or he must have great faith in the credulity of the musical people of England, if he expects them to believe that Mr. R. Muller was preferred in Berlin to Mendelssohn, "as an interpreter, especially of Beethoven's inspirations," or as a pianoforte player. The idea is too ridiculous to admit of grave refutation. In what I am about to say, I do chiefly address myself to those who, not being professional, are but little informed on musical matters. The Symphony in F (No 8) which, according to the Berlin correspondent, is usually played at Berlin, on the occasion of the Beethoven Commemoration Festival, is, like all symphonies, written for the orchestra.

During a residence in Germany, which extended over the greater part of my life, I never once heard any Symphony otherwise performed, on a public occasion, than by a full orchestra.

Had Mendelssohn been asked to perform this Symphony in public, arranged as a pianoforte piece, he would never have consented to have done so, particularly on the occasion of a Beethoven festival; because the performance of one of his finest works on a pianoforte, and that in a large concert-room, would have been anything but a fitting tribute paid to the memory of the great composer.

It is not my intention here to dilate on Mendelssohn as a pianoforte player. No one who has been so fortunate as to hear him could ever forget the effect produced by his performance. Of him truly might it be said, in the words of Mr. R. Muller's panegyrist, "that no pianist of the day could excel him in faithfully infusing life and spirit into the compositions of classic authors."

It is but due to the memory of so great a genius to correct the assertion made ignorantly, I should hope, rather than designedly, that he had his superior "as an interpreter, especially of Beethoven's inspirations," in the person of Mr. R. Muller, or any other pianist of the present day. While we laud the living, let us not wrong the memory of the dead. Mendelssohn will ever be appreciated in his own country as one of its greatest ornaments, and those who wish to learn the estimation in which he is held in England would do well to read Mr. Macfarren's clever and highly interesting article on this great composer in a recent number of the *Musical World*.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. DURNER.

We think Mr. Muller, and his indiscreet and very (musically) uninstructed eulogist are sufficiently well disposed of in the

above sensible letter. No "smarter flagellation" is required. Truth has but to lift its head and falsehood takes to its heels.—Ed. M. W.

BEETHOVEN'S RUINEN VON ATHEN.

A writer in an American journal, *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*, makes the following strictures upon our recent remarks on Beethoven's Masque, *The Ruins of Athens*. I am happy to lay these minute and very precise corrections before those who may have read my essay, and thus escape all possible chance of intentionally misleading them in any historical or technical particulars. I have this to urge in my own justification—that the account of the three overtures sent to our Philharmonic Society, was taken from Ferdinand Ries and Dr. Wegeler's "Biographical Notices of Beethoven," a very valuable collection of anecdotes; thus my conjecture as to the overture in C being one of these, was only offered as a conjecture; and that the account of the dramatic music having been discovered in the Pesth Theatre in 1843 or 1844, was received from the party who first introduced this music into England.

That this music should have been publicly sold at Beethoven's death, that it should have been publicly performed in 1828, and that the beautiful parts of it should have been unknown so long after, but strengthens what I previously advanced; and that the work was never printed, and, for twenty years, never performed, makes it no matter of wonder that the discoverer of the theatre copy should have supposed he had found the only one. I must still feel it to be a curiosity in art that such beautiful things of so acknowledged a master as the few pieces I cited, should have been so long so little known; and I still find it a great peculiarity in Beethoven, that he should, to all appearance, have set so great a value upon so weak a composition as the overture to the work in question.

G. A. MACFARREN.

"*Dwight's Journal* to-day brings the conclusion of the article upon *Die Ruinen von Athen*, and, to my utter surprise, I find the name of 'G. A. Macfarren' attached to it as its author. Surprise, I say, because Macfarren's name occupies a high and well-earned position in the musical circles of England. Upon his criticism of the music of *Die Ruinen* I have nothing to say, but the historical introduction to the article is a fair subject of comment.

"Is it more than just to require of any one who pretends to instruct, even though it be only in an article in a periodical, that he fully and carefully make himself master of all the authorities within his reach? Now Macfarren has not done this; for Schindler, to whom once in his article he refers, clears up some of his undetermined points, and the additions to Schindler, in the appendices to the English translation of his works, gives the necessary information upon others. The *Harmonicon*, of course, might have been consulted, and almost as assuredly might the writer have found a copy of 'Beethoven's Studien' in London. That we all are liable to mistakes, no one denies, for authorities differ, and not seldom are wrong, but every one touching upon historic ground is bound to consult the authorities.

"Let us see whether the well-known works above mentioned will not clear up many of Mr. M.'s difficulties:—

"(1) 'The overture was sent by Beethoven with two others—which I believe were the overture to King Stephen, and the overture in C, op. 124—through Ferdinand Ries, to the Philharmonic Society in London.'

"Now had the writer turned to Schindler, Vol. II, 231, he would have found the agreement between Beethoven and the Philharmonic, dated Feb. 5, 1816, in which it is stated that Mr. Neate took the overtures in July, 1815; and on turning to Vol. I, page 199, he would have found that the overture in C, with the double Fugue, (Op. 124) was composed in the summer of 1822. I think that the

third of the three overtures must have been the overture in C, op. 115. (See B.'s letter to Neate, Schindler, Vol. II, page 227.) 'Should you not have sent them (the three overtures) off, I should like to revise the overture in C major, as it may be somewhat incorrect.'

"(2) 'With the exception of the march and chorus, 'Twine ye Garlands,' the dramatic music of the *Ruins of Athens* was, I have understood, discovered, some eight or nine years ago, in an unfrequented store-room of the Pesth theatre, where it had lain so entirely unheeded, since its first production, that its very existence had been forgotten.'

"Where did Mr. M. understand that? Now see Schindler again, Vol. I, page 198; 'The third of October, 1822, the name-day of the Emperor Francis, was fixed for the opening of the new Theatre in the Josephstadt, on which occasion the music to *Die Ruinen von Athen*, which Beethoven wrote in 1812 for the opening of the New Theatre in Pesth, with a new text, adapted to time and place, by Carl Meissel, several new pieces, and a new overture, was to be performed.' Had 'its very existence been forgotten'? Again, in the list published in 'Beethoven's Studien' of the property sold at auction after the great composer's death, I find, 'lot 164, *Ruinen von Athen*,' under the head of 'original manuscripts left by L. von Beethoven, mostly perfect, written by his own hand, and not yet printed'—found in a stage room of the Pesth Theatre eight or nine years ago! From other sources than those which alone I shall quote in these notes to the article in question, I happen to know that all the music as soon as used was sent back to Beethoven.

"(2) 'I can form but a very faint conjecture as to the period at which it was composed.'

"The citation from Schindler above, says 1812. [Schindler would seem to have made a mistake of a few months in his date, judging from a letter of B.'s, of which a manuscript copy lies before me, dated Feb. 8, 1812. One sentence in it is 'being interpreted,' 'as I did not not receive the overtures from Hungary until yesterday, that shall be copied as quickly as possible, and sent to you. Moreover, I will add a march and vocal chorus to them, also from the *Ruins of Athens*.]

"(5) 'And all this while the duet in G minor, the choros in E minor, and the chorus in G, in this same Masque of the *Ruins of Athens*, compositions which even Beethoven never surpassed, remained still unknown, unplayed, save on the occasion of their original production.'

"The citation under (2) is a sufficient reply to this, as that shows that they were produced on the 3d of October, 1822.

"(4) Mr. M. speaks of John von Beethoven's sale of his brother's works unknown to the composer, &c. The passage in Ries (Schindler, Vol. II, page 256) refers to op. 124, and not to one of the three sent to the Philharmonic. In the same volume, page 272, is a letter to Ries, in which the overture in C, op. 115, is spoken of as not yet published. Now, as at this time (1825) the Philharmonic had not seen fit either to perform or publish either of the three overtures, might not Beethoven feel himself authorized to consider them as his property, and use them accordingly on the continent. [Op. 115, and op. 134, are reviewed in the German musical periodical 'Cæcilia,' in 1826, as if just published, the former by Steiner & Co. Vienna, the latter by Schott, of Mayence.]

"These are the principal points in the article from the *Musical World*, of a historic character, and they are all I care about noting; that the work as a whole is nothing very great, is true enough. Beethoven, like Webster, needed something to draw him out. When he had a task set him, as in this case, and when he wrote the 'Glorious Moment,' in honor of the Vienna Congress, the result was task work; but that the Philharmonic did not make a mistake as to two of three overtures sent them, can hardly be affirmed by any one who has read the history of that Society's reception of Beethoven's 8th and 9th Symphonies.

"It is matter of very considerable wonder that Beethoven, who was most jealous of his reputation, should have submitted so weak a production to the public, &c.

"Beethoven himself, in a letter—not included, however, in the English works which the writer might have consulted—says, that the overture to the *Ruinen* is in a lighter (literally 'lesser') style, but that it is suited to a light miscellaneous concert, or something to that effect. Mr. M. thinks it no wonder 'that even Beethoven

should have produced an overture that is without merit.' Look now at the circumstances. Beethoven is now—towards the close of 1811—known as the greatest of composers. The people of Pesth, a principal city of Hungary, are to inaugurate their new opera house, and apply to him to prepare the music for the occasion. A grand overture is required to do honour to King Stephen—St. Stephen—him whose iron crown disappeared when Kossuth fled an exile, and Hungary's liberty fell—an overture national in its character, and worthy of him whose name is still a name 'to conjure by' with every Magyar. For this the overture in E flat, which the Philharmonic treated as they did the *Eroica*, the 7th and 8th Symphonies! which they thought unworthy of its author, but which, from that day to this, has not lost its charm for a Vienna, a Berlin, or a Leipsic audience. Besides this there was music to be composed to a little piece prepared as a mere show for the occasion—something to please the popular ear, something light and pleasing—something, in comparison with the symphonies, like the piano-forte bagatelles of the same composer, when compared with his wonderful sonatas. This Beethoven wrote; for the purpose it was good enough. It answered the purpose, and all parties were satisfied. Afterwards, on another and greater occasion, when he has to do honour to the reigning Emperor, this light overture is changed for one of his mightiest creations, the overture op. 124, and the music adapted to the new circumstances.

"That Beethoven should have sent the feeble one to London, I can only account for by a reference to the pecuniary difficulties under which he was labouring just at that moment, when he had adopted his deceased brother's son, and was involved in the suit at law to keep possession of the boy against the wishes of the child's immoral mother."

JULLIEN.

The most prosperous and brilliant tour, which the great *entrepreneur* and spoiled child of the British public ever undertook in the provinces, is drawing to a close. On the 28th it terminates; Jullien will then have bid adieu to every one of his multitudinous friends throughout the length and breadth of the three kingdoms. Every city and every town of importance has been visited in succession, some of them twice. In Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and the great emporiums of commerce in the north of England, Jullien's success has been, even for him, unprecedented. Had he been able to give up so much of his time, he might have staid at least a fortnight in every town. The thousands that flocked to his concerts, and overflowed the rooms, were only half the number that desired to be present. Those who were not lucky enough to gain an entry must wait until Jullien's return from the United States of America. The greatest feature at all the entertainments, we should state, has been the music arranged from *Pietro il Grande*.

ERNST IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

(From the *Salut Publicque*.)

The amateurs of serious art have retained too pleasant a remembrance of the *soirées* of music and declamation given at Lyons by Herr Ernst and Mademoiselle Siona Lévy—not to follow with interest the peregrinations of the two eminent artists through the principal towns of the south. The accounts which we gather, from various sources, of the artistic excursion of Herr Ernst and Mademoiselle Lévy, represent it as an uninterrupted succession of triumphs. At Grenoble, at Marseilles, at Draguignan, at Grasse, at Nice; wherever, indeed,

they have appeared, they have created most unequivocal sympathy, and conquered the suffrages and affections of all.

At Marseilles, where Ernst was heard sixteen years ago, the two travellers met with a truly enthusiastic welcome. A promise was hailed by the idolizing public (*public idolatre*) of a speedy return; and, indeed, Herr Ernst and Mademoiselle Lévy have already returned to that city, and are preparing, at this moment, to resume the course of their triumphs, interrupted a month ago by the religious solemnities of Christmas. The Marseillaise audiences are not satisfied, night after night, with covering them with wreaths and bouquets; they besiege their hotel and execute serenades in their honour.

At Draguignan, their arrival caused, as it were, a revolution. From all parts of the department people came to hear them. To fête them, flower beds were despoiled, hotbeds were pillaged, even branches of laurel were thrown upon the stage, not to speak of verses and poetical epistles, through the medium of which the vivid exaltation of their meridian imagination, signalized itself. No sooner were Herr Ernst and Mademoiselle Lévy observed, than every body approached them, to grasp them by the hand; and, during the whole time of their stay at Draguignan, balls and fêtes were got up without cessation on their account.

After several concerts at Nice, which were attended with fresh ovations, the two artistes returned to Marseilles, in obedience, as we have hinted above, to the most pressing solicitations. Herr Ernst and Mademoiselle Siona Lévy appeared to have taken up their head quarters in that city. In the interval of the *soirées*, promised to the Marseillaise, they will make an excursion to Avignon, Nîmes, Montpellier, and Toulon. They then propose to proceed to Paris, stopping at Bourdeaux and Toulouse on their way.

We felicitate not only Herr Ernst and Mademoiselle Lévy, who, wherever they have travelled, have learned the secret of making themselves as much loved as admired: we are equally rejoiced for the art, the mission of which in these brilliant successes has been nobly fulfilled. The love of the beautiful they have helped to propagate; they have popularized *chefs-d'œuvres* of taste; transformed the pleasure of the crowd into enjoyments of an elevated order, still more recommendable, since, of late, such entertainments have become very rare.

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—Madame Alboni has been successful as usual, at the Broadway, where she has been repeating *Son-nambula* and *Cenerentola*. She was to appear in *Norma* on Thursday evening, when it was expected she would surpass all her previous triumphs. The enthusiasm for Alboni is very great. In the street, in omnibusses, on ferry-boats—everywhere, her magnificent performances furnish themes of conversation in which all seem anxious to take a part; persons who are total strangers to each other grow quite friendly and confidential in discussing a subject which gives such keen and general pleasure. No one has ever before attained more solid, brilliant, and lasting success in Opera in this country.

Paul Jullien grows more and more in public favour. He played lately, at the Philharmonic Society, the *Witches' Dance* with all the ease and grace of the most experienced artist. Paganini himself would have relaxed his habitually demoniac and inflexible frown, could he have witnessed the performance.

BOSTON.—Alboni opens in *Cenerentola* on Monday evening. She will not have the assistance of the Germanians, as stated

in another column, but will bring a picked orchestra from New York. Some idea may be had of the amount of attraction next week at the Howard Athanzæum, when we state that the expenses of the Opera are 1500 dollars per night.

Alfred Bunn, Esq., was never so busy in his life before. He has calls from all parts of the country to deliver his lectures. Next week he visits Newport. Mr. Bunn is making hosts of friends, and if he will only become naturalized, the sons of Momus will send him to Congress.

BERLIN.—JOACHIM'S FIRST APPEARANCE.—The second concert of the Sternsche Verein was rendered remarkable by the first appearance of the young violinist, Joseph Joachim. His name was already well known, but himself, his artistry, had yet to be appreciated. His birth-place is Peth; he went early to Leipzig, where, as a boy, he was the favourite of Mendelssohn; was afterwards greatly distinguished by Liszt in Weimar, and is now Concert-master in Hanover. But his genius stands not in need of patronage. He came forward as one of those rare artists who in the performance of a few bars manifest the entire greatness of their genius. This it would seem impossible to do in a simple theme, or in some unimportant passages: but yet it is so. Joachim had not played twelve bars when the most joyful astonishment was shewn on every face. His soft, full tone, the charm of his phrasing, the exquisite refinement of his crescendo and decrescendo, in fact, the enchantment that it was to feel the presence of every quality that is desired in an artist, placed him at once in the first rank in our esteem, and proved him to be, perhaps, the greatest living performer on his instrument. The grand cadence that he introduced in the Beethoven concerto seemed to shew that he could also perform all the modern "tours de force" as well as, and better, than the best bravura players of our time. But he had already shewn a gift in which he is unrivalled, and therefore this test of his powers was hardly needed. His external appearance, the awkward, embarrassed way of presenting himself; the half-shy, half-sulky, and yet so winning physiognomy, all shew that the outward world hardly touches him; that it is his art alone which engrosses him entirely. Even his success—and of course he excited a storm of approval, which from the audience of these concerts, the most intelligent in Berlin, is saying a great deal—he received with indifference.—*Süddeutsche Musik Zeitung*.

MESSINA.—The *Gazette Musicale di Napoli* contains the following highly eulogistic notice of the debut of Mr. Charles Braham, son of our celebrated vocalist, at the Real Teatro di Santa Elisabetta, Messina:—"Braham possesses one of the most beautiful tenor voices of the day. His *mezza voce* is extremely sympathetic, his intonation perfect, and we doubt not that he will soon be ranked amongst our very best singers. Having studied his art for three years in Italy, Braham attained his present excellence under the guidance of Maestro Gennaro Cajano, of Naples. Throughout the opera (Pacini's *Maria Regina d'Inghilterra*) he was very successful, and at the conclusion of his principal *aria* was recalled no less than three times. In Donizetti's 'Poliuto,' subsequently performed, Mr. Charles Braham sustained the chief character with equal honour."

PHILADELPHIA.—PRESENTATION TO AUGUSTUS BRAHAM, Esq., BY THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Colonel Waterman, with the managers and several members of the Philharmonic Society, assembled at the office of the President to present Mr. Augustus Braham, the favourite tenor, with a mark of their esteem and regard, in the form of a very handsome walking-stick, made of India rubber, with the most perfect appearance of ebony (under the direction of John Thornly, Esq.), having a

massive gold top, of great weight, most elaborately chased and finished, and inscribed on the top, "The Philharmonic Society, Philadelphia, to Augustus Braham, 1852." On Mr. Braham's arrival, Colonel Waterman arose and addressed to him a neat and appropriate speech, stating, amongst other things, that the pleasure he enjoyed was very great, as being the person chosen to present such a mark of esteem and regard from the society to one for whom they have such admiration, both in his public and private career, and trusted that when he was entering the vale of declining years, that this very stick would sustain and strengthen his steps, and recall to his recollection, in whatever country he might be, the friends he had left in Philadelphia. Colonel W. continued his address at some length; and finally, in the name of the society, presented Mr. Braham with the stick. Mr. B. was at the moment confounded, but instantly recovering his self-possession, turned to Colonel Waterman, and thus addressed him and the gentlemen present:—"Mr. President and gentlemen of the Philharmonic Society, I hardly know how to give expression to my feelings so as to thank you in a proper and appropriate manner for the kindness and attention you have so universally shewn me in this city, and now for this very handsome gold stick you have presented to me as a token of your esteem and regard. I assure you, Mr. President and gentlemen, I shall treasure it as a memento of the City of Brotherly Love, and trust that will incite me to fresh exertions in the profession I have chosen, as well as keep alive kind feelings of affectionate regard, and remembrance of the friends who dwell in this favoured spot. I could expatiate for hours on this theme were I allowed to sing my thoughts, but as to speaking I feel I have not the power to say more than that I most sincerely and heartily thank you all for the kind interest you have taken in my welfare—for the enthusiastic reception I invariably receive (far more than I deserve)—and now for the costly present you have made me, which shall be handed down to my children after me, as a proud proof of the esteem and regard in which their father was held by the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia.—*Philadelphia Sun*."

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CLASSICAL MUSICAL SOCIETY.—Sixth Concert.—Town Hall, Manchester, Thursday, February 10th, 1853. Musical director, Mr. Charles Hallé.

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

Grand Trio in E flat, Op. 100 Schubert.
Vocal Quartets { "Mahnung" Lindpaintner.
 { "Wanderlied" Mendelssohn.
Sonata—Pianoforte & Violin, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, Beethoven.

Part Second.

Trio in G, Op. 1, No. 2 Beethoven.
Vocal Quartet, "Bundeslied" Lenz.
Solo—Violoncello, "Le Rêve" B. Romberg.
Solo—Pianoforte, "Mazourkas" F. Chopin.

Again we had Molique and Piatti as Charles Hallé's masterly co-executants—and again we had some 70 members of the Liedertafel to sing German vocal quartets; consequently there was a first-rate concert, so far as performance. The selection, too, was of a high character—if not the highest; yet some way, there was not that warmth or enthusiasm that we have seen at some of the former concerts this season. The execution of some movements of the first trio, and the sonata, was so perfect, as to elicit loudly murmured *bravis*, and occasionally a round of applause; still there were no encores, and there was no excitement. Hallé's audience is an educated one—nine-tenths of it have attended his chamber

concerts now for years, and if any members of it had ever lacked a taste for the classical, they must by this time have acquired one; so are capable of appreciating and doing justice to a concert that would have been "caviare to a general" audience. The analytical programme makes a very nice and just discrimination betwixt the instrumental chamber music of Schubert and that of the greater writers in the same school, allowing all merit to Schubert for his beautiful ideas, so melodiously scattered over the two trios—we have heard, but scarcely doing justice, we think, to the peculiar tact and talent shown by Schubert in them both—in bringing out each instrument in turn, and yet blending them so well together. The trio done at Hallé's concert, as above, is the one he first introduced to a Manchester audience some season or two back, at the Assembly Rooms, and which we have frequently spoken of in high terms; for melody, invention, and clearness of design, it is remarkably excellent. In such hands as those of Hallé, Molique, and Piatti, Schubert's Trio (Op. 100) was a great treat. We do not remember to have ever heard it so well done, or to have heard any one of the three artists better. Hallé's young countrymen of the Liedertafel then came on the platform, and gave two specimens of their part-singing, "*Mahnung*," (Warning) by Lindpaintner, and "*Wanderlied*," (or Wandering Song) by Mendelssohn, entirely unaccompanied; but the time marked by Hallé, with the beat of his hand and arm—save one unlucky harsh chord (or rather discord) in the second piece—the performances of these amateurs were perfect; the rich harmonies, the swell, and the diminished pianos, are very fine when given by such a number of male voices, and with such effect. Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 30, No. 2), one of the most refined and elegant of his duo sonatas, for violin and pianoforte, was another great treat—perhaps the greatest of the night—to the more enlightened hearers. It was splendidly played by Hallé and Molique—the latter was in a happy vein, and gave all those delicate graces and nuances of expression that are felt by the listener who is at all familiar with the music, but cannot be described. After the elaboration of the "*allegro*," and the eloquence of the "*adagio*"—the truly playful Scherzo and Trio was quite refreshing, and enabled us the better to enjoy the full and impassioned finale. The first part of the concert was much the best. Beethoven's Trio (Op. 1, No. 2), which opened the second part, is more interesting, as the early production of one whose genius afterwards soared to so much higher flights; its ideas are more on the surface, and do not contain such profundity and sublimity as his later works of this class; the Scherzo and its trio are quaint and humorous to a degree, and the finale lively to exuberance, as Mr. Macfarren so justly observed in his analysis. Still we did not feel raised or elevated, as we usually do, on listening to a work of this mighty master. The Liedertafel gave another of their vocal quartets, by Lenz, very effectively, which was followed by a most masterly display on the violoncello, by Piatti, in a piece of Romberg's, entitled "*Le Reve*," (the Dream), which surpassed any solo performance we remember on that instrument, for graceful facility of execution and exquisite beauty of tone. Piatti was loudly applauded. Hallé wound up with two mazurkas of Chopin's (which to our taste were more singular than beautiful), which were treated as such trifles are by the hand of a master like Charles Hallé. Musical affairs in Manchester have been growing to a climax of late, until we fear the supply has somewhat outstripped the demand and support which really has been most generously and liberally exhibited this winter in Manchester generally.

Mr. Banks's benefit, at the Free-Trade Hall, was the crowning event of the season at the Monday night concerts. Since then, Mr. Perring's benefit would, doubtless, leave him something, after paying expenses; and Miss Louisa Vinning's benefit, on Monday last, although there was a highly respectable audience, was not by any means a bumper. This is the more remarkable, as she is so very popular, and has been quite the *pet* of the season. The most signal failure has been that of Mr. E. W. Thomas's concert. The series of ten Promenade Instrumental Concerts advertised—with the same excellent orchestra as at Liverpool, with Madame D'Anterney as vocalist, Zerbins as leader, Thomas, conductor, Streather at the harp, Lazarus, clarinet, as soloist, and about 50 of a band—attracted such miserably poor audiences, that on the

fifth of the series—on Saturday last—they were suddenly closed, leaving Mr. Thomas, we fear, considerably out of pocket.

On Monday next, the last of the benefits (that for the choir) takes place, when we do hope the Free-Trade Hall will be crammed again, as it was at Jullien's concert, on Mr. Banks's benefit. The chorus-singers richly deserve such a tribute; and at the low prices for admission, nothing less than a full hall will leave over a trifle each, when the proceeds, after paying expenses, have to be divided into above thirty shares.

H. B. Peacock, Esq., the clever and spirited proprietor of these "Concerts for the People," next claims our notice; he has already high claims on the people of Manchester, long and deservedly his due, for his arduous, and at first totally unremunerated efforts, to provide a cheap and a good vocal entertainment for the people. He has been quite a Jullien in his way—unseen and unostentatiously working—gradually improving his selection—thereby, like Jullien, leading to improvement in the musical taste of the masses; and so improving the quality of his entertainments, that not only the people, but the middle and higher classes, have been attracted to the cheap concerts at the Free-Trade Hall, until it has been notorious all this season—now about to close—that no class of seats have been more crowded than the shilling ones, to which many have come in their own carriages, who are subscribers to the aristocratic and exclusive Concert Hall, in the same street. This is no slight or insignificant triumph for Mr. Peacock, but he deserves something more substantial. An excellent opportunity will be afforded next week, for the people of Manchester to show him their gratitude, and to indulge their taste for good music at the same time.

"A festival for the people," of five nights, is to be held in the Free-Trade Hall, at the very moderate charges of 3s., 2s., and 1s. each for admission. Five grand concerts are to be given, all widely differing in character, and for which a host of talent is engaged—Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Milner, Miss Louisa Vinning, and Miss Fanny Huddart; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Perring, Delavanti, and Winn; Solo, flute, Mr. Richardson; Solo, trombone, Herr Nabich; Solo, pianist, Heinrich Werner; Conductor, D. W. Banks; and with an augmented chorus—a band and full orchestral accompaniments. The first concert, on Wednesday next, will consist of a miscellaneous selection from Italian and English operas; at the second, on Thursday, there will be a selection from the oratorios of *Sampson*, *Elijah*, *Judas Maccabeus*, &c. &c. Friday will be devoted to the works of Sir Henry Bishop (always a great favourite in Manchester), and he will be engaged to come down from London that evening, specially to act as conductor of his own compositions; the programme, too, we are told, will be of his own selection. Saturday will have its selection of National Ballads; whilst Monday will close the performances with a selection from the most favourite German operas, and that will be the last performance in the present Free-Trade Hall. There is variety enough to satisfy all tastes; and quantity, as well as quality, to suffice for a long parting, which is soon to follow the pulling down and rebuilding the hall. For six months, at least, Manchester will possess no room suitable for concerts, on any such scale of magnitude. We hope Mr. Peacock will not only be reimbursed the inevitably large cost of such an undertaking, but that he will clear a few hundred pounds by it.

Mr. J. Thorne Harris had a bumper, as we expected, at the Athenæum Library Hall, on Tuesday last, when the tributary amateur concert came off with great spirit and *clat*. It is scarcely fair to criticise the performances of a party of ladies and gentlemen, mostly amateurs, when devoted to such a kind and praiseworthy object; but even if it were, we should have to speak warmly in their praise. The lady soloists would have succeeded admirably, with a little more courage; as it was, and despite their timidity, five of them were eared in their songs. The gentlemen, we doubt not, would have been more at home, and heard to greater advantage, in a private room; they have both excellent voices, and they acquitted themselves very well; the first, in a quiet song, by C. E. Kay, "*The summer bloom*;" the other, in Rockstro's song, "*The reaper*," which is spirited enough. The choruses were really admirably sung, by about twenty voices; several of them were by Mendelssohn, from Ewer and Co.'s col-

lection of German Glee, called the "Orpheus," which were all beautiful; and one by Härtel, called "The miller's daughter," was very pleasing. Mr. Harris must have drilled his friends well, to give such precision and effect to their pianos and fortes in these choral gems. The instrumental (amateur) portion of the concert was chiefly confined to two or three pieces, for brass instruments, exceedingly well given by first and second cornet, and first and second Sax-horns. Mr. Thorne Harris himself conducted, and gave also two solos on his instrument, the pianoforte—Henselt's, from *Robert le Diable*; and Thalberg's prayer, from the *Mosé*. The concert was a little too long; one solo, Ernst's *Elegie*, for the violin, it would have been as well to have left; still it passed off very satisfactorily, and must have been highly gratifying to Mr. J. Thorne Harris.

MUSICAL INSTITUTE OF LONDON.

Saturday, February 12th.

THE REV. MR. NICOLAY IN THE CHAIR.

A Paper was read by Mr. Thomas Oliphant on "Musical Facts and Fallacies," which he illustrated by reference to Henry Carey, the "facts and fallacies" of whose life and works formed the subject of the present lecture. In a biographical sketch it is stated that Carey died at the age of 80, leaving *four small children*, a "fact" so doubtful that Mr. Oliphant unhesitatingly placed it in his list of "fallacies." From evidence of various kinds, the lecturer concluded that Carey was between fifty and sixty years of age at the time of his death. Several of his ballads (both words and music being his own composition) were sung by Mr. Benson and Miss Taylor, and a curious contrast was afforded by comparing the original harmonies of these old songs with those fitted by modern composers. Carey is best known to the amateurs of the present day by his ballad of "Salley in our Alley," though she has undergone such a metamorphose at the hands of singers and adapters that her author would now hardly recognise his own Salley. [Query—is not Henry Carey better known to amateurs by his "O Nannie." Ed.]

HERR ERNST PAUER'S SOIREEES.

Herr Pauer gave the first of a series of three performances of classical chamber music, on Wednesday night, in Willis's rooms. His programme was extremely interesting, comprising a new work of importance, besides some pieces so rarely played that they were almost as good as novelties. Among these was Hummel's sonata, for pianoforte solo, in F sharp minor, to which the composer himself affixed the epithet *fantasia*, and with justice, since the three movements are almost entirely made up of *bravura* passages. As a mere study this sonata is of the highest utility, and, in such a light, it has every right to be accepted as the work of a master. But in musical beauty, intrinsically speaking, it is singularly deficient, the last movement, which is remarkably energetic, alone offering any evidence of the *feu sacré*, with which Hummel—with all his merit, only a composer of the second class—was not infrequently endowed. Herr Pauer executed the sonata-fantasia, which abounds in excessive difficulties, with admirable facility. As a performance, Handel's second concerto, arranged by Herr Pauer as a pianoforte solo, was equally successful; but, in a musical point of view, it was not calculated to raise the slightest interest, since it belongs to that prodigious quantity of works from the pen of the author of the *Messiah* which have no distinctive quality beyond that of fluency. We are, therefore, compelled to think that the arrangement, which must have cost Herr Pauer

both time and pains, involved serious waste of both. Such things are only valuable as reference to dates, periods, and particular occasions. Of Herr Pauer's *Passacaille* (an air varied on a ground bass) we have spoken before. It is a composition of decided merit, improves on a second hearing, and was played to perfection. We could hardly think so well of Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, in E. The second movement was taken by Herr Pauer at a speed that was literally impossible to sustain, and the consequence was a general want of clearness and unity. Beethoven's simple and melodious *andante* in F, an isolated movement, was charmingly played, and afforded Herr Pauer an opportunity of proving that, in addition to the mechanical, he possessed the expressive qualities which should belong to a pianist of the first class. The feature, and the chief novelty, of the evening was a sonata, for pianoforte and violoncello, composed by Herr Pauer for the occasion. In the present dearth of new works of this high character, one from the pen of so thorough a musician, and so true an enthusiast, must be regarded as a bonus. Herr Pauer's sonata is certainly not of the calibre of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, but it is so well planned, and written with such care and intelligence, that it cannot fail to please musicians, while its brilliancy and its effective passages for the violoncello will be sure to win the suffrages of amateurs. A single hearing gave us the impression that the best movements were the first *allegro* and the *minuetto* (in the trio of which there is an effect of combination between the two instruments equally novel and charming), but there were many passages both in the *andantino* and the *finale*, which created a wish to have a second opportunity of judging of the composition. The performance, by Signor Piatti and the composer was beyond criticism, and the verdict of the audience was unanimously favourable. The concert was varied by two songs of Stradella and Blumenthal. Miss Dolby, the vocalist, was equally at home in the music of the ancient and modern composer. Herr Blumenthal's song, "Die sonne brannte," which has all the requisites of popularity, was accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer. There was also a violoncello solo by Signor Piatti, a marvellous display of executive skill, combined with a beauty and fullness of tone which no other contemporary player can boast. The concert terminated effectively with a very fine performance of Mozart's splendid fantasia in F minor, for two players, by Mr. Sterndale Bennett and Herr Pauer. The room was fashionably attended, and the music appeared to excite the greatest interest from the first to the last.—*Times*.

MADAME PLEYEL.

(From the Bristol Mercury.)

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Harrison, of Clifton, gave a grand concert at the Victoria Rooms, for the purpose of enabling the musical residents of Bristol and Clifton to see and hear Madame Pleyel. There was a numerous attendance, the room being crowded from end to end with the *élite* of our neighbourhood. So much had been said and written of the powers of this gifted artist, that expectation was naturally raised to its highest point, and it is no mean tribute to Madame Pleyel to say that although her audience comprised the best musical executives we have resident amongst us, she, as far as we could gather, fully realized the anticipations of the most sanguine, approaching as nearly as possible to what one would idealize as the perfection of pianoforte playing. To handsome features and a commanding person Madame Pleyel superadds a physical formation of the hand and wrist peculiarly adapted to the purposes of her art. She grasps, as it were, the entire key-board and holds it completely at command. Her touch

is firm, powerful, and brilliant, and her style refined in the highest degree. She is no less remarkable for masculine energy and dramatic expression than for delicacy and grace. Her manipulation is really wonderful, and as the result of long and laborious practice she has acquired a rapidity, precision, and certainty of fingering such as we have never heard equalled. Those who had the advantage of hearing her could not have failed to be struck by the remarkable vigour and crispness of her *staccato* effects, while the unbroken equality of her tones imparts unwonted smoothness and beauty to her *legato* passages. In her runs, however rapidly taken, or whether played fortissimo or pianissimo, the last-named excellence was peculiarly apparent. Every note was clearly articulated, and yet all seemed to flow into each other, a succession of liquid sounds "in linked sweetness long drawn out." Nor are these, great as they are, Madame Pleyel's only, or indeed, her chief points of excellence; mind is apparent in all she does. She seems to "colour" spontaneously, and to feel the power of her own music as acutely as—and it may be more acutely than is felt by any of her auditors. She played a sonata by Kalkbrenner, "La Ragata Veneziana," and "La Danza," by Liszt (the last taken at a wonderfully accelerated rate); a "Marche Slavonique," by Blumenthal, and that most difficult fantasia by Liszt, "Illustrations du Prophète." It was, perhaps, to be regretted that the programme afforded no opportunity of testing her powers as an interpreter of the classical writings of Beethoven or Mendelssohn, but she completely established her claim as *prima donna* of the modern school, and we can see no reason for supposing that one so evidently imbued with musical feeling should not be equal to the highest effort of art. She was encored in "La Danza," and only escaped a similar compliment in the Slavonic March by the consideration of some of the audience, who, looking to the length and difficulty of the pieces she had already played, considered that to enforce a repetition of the march was to tax her powers too severely.

The vocalists were Madame Fiorentini, Miss Alleyne, and Mr. Weiss. Fiorentini, although suffering from severe indisposition, sang with a good deal of taste and expression, and introduced a very pretty Spanish ballad, her arch and playful manner of rendering which elicited a rapturous encore. Miss Alleyne being very much out of voice, produced very little effect; Mr. Weiss evidenced great improvement both in voice and style. He sung Schubert's fine song of "The Wanderer" admirably, and was encored in that and another solo.—February 4.

(From the Edinburgh Advertiser.)

The scheme of last night's performance, although in the estimation of all who know anything of the Reid Bequest, falling far short of what it ought to have been, had the intentions of the illustrious testator been respected, nevertheless offered considerable attraction in the persons of Mesdames Pleyel and Fiorentini, with others of high talent. That even this much should have been afforded the lovers of music is more than could at all have been expected by any one knowing the amount of the paltry sum voted in the present instance for this annual commemorative performance, and the responsibilities, risks, and liabilities incurred by third parties ere this much even could be secured. That such shifts should have to be resorted to, in order that General Reid's will should be preserved, brings positive discredit on our University, and all concerned in the management and disposal of the very large sum bequeathed for the primary purpose of founding a Chair of Music in it, and thereby, to use the words of the Rev. Principal, "add a new and efficient department of study of a highly interesting description, and calculated greatly to contribute to the cultivation and knowledge of a singularly refined, delightful, and elevating art." That the present state of matters may ere long be judiciously put an end to, is the earnest wish of all who desire that the Senatus Academicus should live in the enjoyment of a name for probity, as well as learning. With these few remarks on a subject on which much might be said, we proceed with our critique on last evening's performance.

The great feature in the entertainment was the first appearance in Scotland of Madame Pleyel, so celebrated throughout the length

and breadth of Europe as the greatest living pianist. This title having been accorded to her by Liszt, it is not too much to suppose he had done so with a feeling of gallantry towards the fair one, whose genius, exalted talent, and marvellous command over her instrument had so excited his admiration. But not so. Any one who has had an opportunity of estimating her performance with that of the leading pianists of the day, will have no hesitation in admitting that she has fairly earned the great name she now enjoys. Her appearance before an expectant audience last evening was hailed with every token of welcome; applause, loud and long, bursting forth on her entrance into the orchestra. The piece she chose for her *debut* was Prudent's fantasia on themes from *Don Pasquale*, which she executed with consummate taste, precision, and exactitude of finger. The piece being redemanded, she complied with all imaginable grace by repeating it. Her next effort was a selection from Rossini's work, *Les Soirées Musicales*, which has been so cleverly transcribed for the pianoforte by Liszt, and known by the title "La Regata Veneziana" and the "Tarantelle." It is said that one of the greatest achievements of the transcriber was the performance of these compositions, until, as he declared, he was robbed of his honours by Madame Pleyel, who had excelled him more than he could excel others, in the proper delivery of them. To this we most heartily subscribe. Her execution of the selection, and more especially the "Tarantelle," might, in a word, be simply termed unapproachable. Correctness of conception, versatility of style, the most amazing rapidity, and equalised delicacy of touch, constituted some of the beauties developed during the performance of this piece, joined to an astonishing ability in the production of varied effect on an instrument, comparatively speaking, but little under the control of the performer. Her third piece was a "Marche Slavonique" (? Slovaque), executed with such captivating grace as to draw forth a most insatiable desire on the part of her numerous listeners for a repetition. Responding to the call, she substituted a piece of Prudent's, which undoubtedly constituted the gem of her whole evening's performance. The light and shade, distinct articulation in piano passages, extraordinary clearness and rapidity of octave flights and delicate expression, were but a few of the many rare qualities displayed in this unique performance. In noting her last grand effort, the piece being Liszt's *Illustrations du Prophète*, we need only say that her judgment, feeling, taste, extraordinary execution, power of expression, and perfect finish in the performance of it, places her at once on the highest pinnacle of excellence as a pianist. We have only to regret that no opportunity was afforded the audience of estimating her talents as an exponent of classical pianoforte music, but the want of a properly appointed orchestra precludes the possibility of that being attempted.

Madame Fiorentini, with a voice of great sweetness, and considerable personal attraction, earned the approbation of the audience by the chaste way in which she executed the grand scena from *Freischütz*. In the level phrases of the *aria* she sang to great advantage, but, labouring under hoarseness, she could not possibly be equal to the task undertaken by her; yet she strove bravely to throw off the inflexibility of her organ, and all but succeeded; a momentary loss of voice testified how severely she was taxing her powers to do justice to the piece, and claimed the indulgence of a delighted and grateful audience. In her singing of two pretty ballads by Mr. F. Mori, she again created a sensation, her archness in the latter of the two securing a hearty encore. Of the other vocalists, Miss Alleyne and Mr. Weiss, we shall speak in our notice of Wednesday evening's concert, neither time nor space admitting of our enlarging on their merits at present. The band of the 79th Highlanders performed the pastorale and minuet composed by General Reid, and usually played on like occasions, also the overture to *Don Giovanni*, executing both pieces very creditably, especially the latter, which went with great precision.

We were glad to find that a most unmistakable expression of disapprobation came from the gallery on certain would-be fashionables rising to leave the room during Madame Pleyel's concluding performance. We blush while recording such a glaring want of courtesy towards any individual performer, and more especially towards an *artiste* holding so high a position in the musical world.

PROFESSIONAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

A series of unfounded attacks on this new, enterprising, and flourishing company, having found their way into the columns of a certain portion of the press, it has been deemed necessary by the management to publish a well-written and logical pamphlet in reply to their assailants, and this *brochure* has already reached a third edition; a pretty good proof that those interested in Life Assurance are sufficiently alive to their own interests to weigh well the merits of a new principle, that has drawn down the bigoted thunder of its elder brethren. It would appear that certain old establishments have viewed the Professional Life Assurance Company in such a dangerous light as to become "frighted from their propriety," the result being a crusade against all "progress" devised in such a way as to attempt a defamation on the fair characters of those who seek to infuse new blood and sinews into a system in accordance with the onward spirit of the times. In sound argument, however, the "Professional" has proved too heavy for old prejudices, and truth and justice—cased in the armour of liberality on the Professional side, have gained a controversial victory, both honourable and satisfactory. The case lies in a nutshell, it being simply the question, whether the old establishments are to curtail the "fair proportions" of shareholders by absorbing capital in erecting uselessly expensive palaces, without competition, to the sacrifice of such shareholders, or whether a new enterprise is to take the field with all the advantages of fresh energies, in order to work a system founded on economy in its machinery, and extended liberally to its patrons. For ourselves we should prefer the latter, as being entitled to greater confidence. The days of bigotry and mail-coaches have fled before the dawn of enlightenment and progress, and the fact speaks well for the Professional Life Assurance Company, that it possesses £230,000 of untouched and available capital, under the guidance of an honourable and an able directorate, who, naturally enough, indignantly repudiate the jealous and illiberal assertions of their elders, whom experience ought to have taught better. In the pamphlet before us, the resident manager and actuary, Mr. Edward Baylis, has not only ably disposed of the attacks of his assailants, but he has appended some valuable remarks, illustrative and explanatory of the new system of life assurance; and we recommend the *brochure* to all who contemplate taking advantage of this mode of protection to every class of society, feeling convinced that the new features presented to them will induce many to hail with infinite satisfaction a spirit of liberality and progress, which, while it is based on a sound foundation, is illustrative of a triumph achieved by a spirited new company over old prejudices, backed up by monopolists who seek their own aggrandisement, rather than the advancement of the interests of their shareholders.

Original Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Charlottesville, Jan. 20th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR,—My last London *Musical World*, of Dec. 25th, which has just come to hand, brings a reply from a "Professor of Music," (which in our country generally means anything but a musician,) who seems to have been touched in a tender place by my "random squib," let off at Mr. Mason's humbug system of the transposition of the scales. It is clear the "Professor of Music" is a convert to Pestalozzianism now, *if he was not long before Mr. Mason's first visit to England*; and in his hurry to annihilate me, without so much as giving me time to sing my scale first, he has entirely forgotten to answer a single question propounded in the aforesaid "squib," viz. *how many good singers Mr. M. has made in his twenty or thirty years teaching in America, and to name one*; how many of the great singers of Europe were taught after this same Pestalozzian system; and how many of the great teachers of vocal music in Europe, at present follow the above named method of teaching? All, or at least one of these questions should have been answered before the worthy "Professor" cruelly seized the *javane*; and as it is never too late to do a good action, (for in answering them favorably he will gain many followers for Mr. M.) I hope he will consider them, and report thereon. The "Professor"

says "I am inclined to think that J. M. Deems, if he is a professor, has a horror of the Pestalozzian system;" he is right, but I have equally as great a horror of being called a professor, because every musical *esel* sent forth over the country by Mr. M., has the same handle screwed on to his name to assist him in deceiving people, and not one in fifty of them possess a greater knowledge of music, than will enable them to get through a hymn tune with the genuine nasal twang. The "Professor" has made a great mistake in supposing that I class the "Down-Easters and Mr. Mason" with the Germans in our country, as musicians; heaven forefend that I should so wrong the worthy Germans; for with the exception of Loder, Wallace, Strackosch, and a very few others, all our best musicians are from the fatherland. I only gave them credit for having as much perseverance as the Germans. He says also, that he "has seen not a little of Mr. M.," that I willingly believe, and if he were to assert that he *knew* as much of Mr. M. as Mr. M. does of himself, I would not doubt a word of it. If you noticed it, you will remember that your compositor set up my name wrong, and it was published J. M. Deems, but the "Professor" has it right, he has it *Deems*. Now who informed the "Professor" that there were two e's in my name? did he get it from your list of subscribers? Again, pray sir, tell me how many of your professors of music either know or care anything about our home phrases, such as "Down-Easter, Ole Virginian, Hoosier, Buck eye," &c? he seems to be an adept at *guessing*, for although there are other towns by the name of Charlottesville in this country, he has at the first guess hit upon the Charlottesville in Virginia for my residence, the State not being named in your paper. Now Mr. Editor, if he did not obtain all this information from you, one might exclaim, not "another Daniel come to judgment," but "another Yankee come to guessing;" and that the "Professor's" note savoured strongly of Jonathanism, so much so, that I have come to the conclusion that this "Pestalozzian, Baconian, Masonian, Professor," was born *tu hum*, (which being interpreted means in Yankee town) instead of in England, notwithstanding he has written "we Englishmen." If there is a "cloven foot" to account for, it will assuredly be found dangling at the extremity of the worthy "Professor's" understanding, even if we conclude that there be but one understanding between them both, which the "Professor" has clearly acknowledged in his note.

I again assert what every American knows to be a fact, viz. that these travelling "Professors" do advertise to teach singing in from twelve to thirty lessons, and in that time will perhaps teach their dupes to sing half-a-dozen hymn tunes by ear, and then leave between two days. The next one that comes will say that he has an entirely new system, and can teach every person to sing who can speak, but it always turns out to be the same *Masonian* humbug, as bad as the "wooden nutmegs," &c., sold by these gents for genuine. Indeed these "Professors" appear among people with the most approved *puritanical* countenances, always with a hymn in their mouths, in every respect veritable maw-worms.

Whether I can "read music in flats and sharps upon the fixed syllable plan," may only be decided by trying me; but that I can *write it*, is easily proved by referring the "Professor" to vol. 29, page 486, of your most excellent paper, where in speaking of my "Vocal Music Simplified," (which I did not compile as Mr. M. invariably does, but wrote for my own convenience, not being able to find one book among the thousands published in America that was worth using,) you say "His idea of vocal instruction is thoroughly legitimate;" and "In short we can without hesitation call the attention of all those whom it may concern, to the 'Vocal Music Simplified,' as one of the most complete, while one of the most unpretending, compendiums of vocal instruction which we have had the advantage of seeing." Now sir, if the "Professor" cannot produce a "legitimate" work of his own composition on vocal music at least as good as mine, he is not capable, neither can he be permitted, to sit in judgment upon Mr. M.'s system of the transposition of scales, to decide whether it is a humbug or not, and consequently I cannot throw away more time upon him. It is doubtful whether it is in pity to your poor benighted teachers of vocal music, that Mr. M. condescends to "enlighten" them, for he had no sooner received permission to be heard in one of your schools, than it was trumpeted forth in several papers in America, (by interested persons,) that he could not return home on account

of his many engagements to lecture on music in London. Perhaps it is to "blow the horn," for a certain "Musical Institute," which is to go into operation in April, in New York. The professors to be Mr. M., and two other celebrities. "The object of which shall be to afford thorough musical instruction, and especially to qualify teachers of music." This I suppose is to be the foundation of a great American conservatory of music, which shall draw from London, Paris, Leipsic, &c., all their best students. Look out Englanders for your Royal Academy. An institute with Wallace, Tim, Loder, Strakosch, and Eisfeldt for teachers, could not promise more, nor perform less. The only American musician capable of conducting a musical institute with such pretensions, is Mr. Fry, who has never been appreciated by his countrymen, and whose very knowledge of music, would be an insuperable barrier to his connecting himself with the above firm.

Mr. M.'s system of imparting the rudiments will do well enough; but I think every musician will soon discover the time and labour that must be thrown away upon the system of transposing the scales, before a pupil can sing a piece that has any modulation in it. As long as a piece of music continues in the key in which it begins, those who have studied two or three years will get on tolerably well; but as soon as the key changes, or accidentals occur, then they are immediately "at sea" and all is by guess. Mr. M. in teaching the Diatonic scale cells a tone a step, and a semitone a half step; now, who ever heard of a step in music, or in sound? Can any one suppose that a pupil will understand the meaning of tone and semitone any sooner by calling them step or half step, Must not the ear distinguish the one from the other after all? His teaching of the chromatic scale is illusive; in as much as he leads his pupils to believe that by pronouncing the syllable Do, Di, they will the more easily acquire the correct sound of Do sharp; now, would it not be a more certain, and equally as short, a method to teach them the actual pitch of Do sharp, and call it by its proper name, than to make them depend upon getting the correct sound by calling Do, Di? He also names Re sharp Ri, Fa sharp Fi, &c.; but does not provide for Mi sharp nor Si sharp. As in descending he names Si flat Se, La flat Le, &c., making pupils depend entirely upon the change of syllable to acquire the correct sound, and again does not provide for either Do flat nor Fa flat; but I suppose in his system Fa is taken for Mi sharp, Si for Do flat, &c., as it is necessary to use the one for the other on the piano. He makes no mention of the difference between a major and a minor semitone, on the contrary he denies that a difference exists. Hear him: "the key of F sharp is the same as G flat; the key of B, the same as C flat, &c." The difference is not in the thing itself, but merely in the sign." Can any musician agree with Mr. M. in that? Let him ask a good singer or a good violinist if F sharp and G flat are one and the same sound. Let him get together two good players on the violin, and write F sharp for one, and G flat for the other, and hear the effect. How would it sound in your ears Mr. Editor. Now, Sir, as there is a difference between a major and a minor semitone (there being no such thing in reality as an exact half a tone) it should by all means be taught to pupils in vocal music, as besides the voice, the violin and its kind are the only instruments upon which the difference can be made with certainty and ease. All wind instruments may be blown at least a quarter of a tone sharp or flat, and in a slow movement a good player will make the difference, especially with the *slide* trombone, which comes next to the violin in perfection. The above quotation is from a compilation by Messrs. Mason and Well, "The Cantica Laudus," published in 1850. Mr. M. sets forth his system as the easiest, most perfect, &c., but any musician will soon perceive that he has multiplied difficulties in many respects; at the very beginning for instance, the necessity of having to learn the notes by the letters as well as by the syllables, when in the correct method the syllables answer for both. In France and Italy letters are not used even in teaching instrumental music, all are taught with the syllables, which I have found by experience to be best in teaching the piano particularly; for every piano player who has a tolerable voice will sing; and will already have acquired a great deal by his knowledge of the syllables, and by associating them with the tones of the piano. Now, as Mr. M.'s system is not what he imagines

it to be, (the best extant) he does in many respects humbug all who take for granted what he says of his system.

Neither Mr. M. nor his system would ever have been much known in America even, had it not been that the veritable musicians could not be prevailed upon to trouble themselves about class teaching until within the last few years, when, I think, Mr. George Loder was the first. If Mr. Loder had taken Mr. M.'s place we should now be much better off in the way of vocal music, for certainly Mr. M. cannot be named with Mr. Loder, either in talent or knowledge of music, except perhaps by some of Mr. M.'s professors, who consider him one of the greatest musicians and composers, living or dead. I remember having read an article in the New York "Musical Times" about two years ago, in which was given a conversation between the writer of the said article and one of Mr. M.'s "Professors" who contended that Mr. M. was one of the greatest musicians, and that his compositions were as much sought after in Europe as in America, and upon being asked to name some of his most celebrated works, the Professor named "Hebron" and some other Hymn tunes, so much is Mr. M. worshipped by the Professors in our country; but not by musicians.

"But sir, I fear all that I, or any one else can say will not save you from Pestalozzianism, and no doubt Mr. Hullah (if he knows anything of Mr. M.'s system) has "gone by the board" also, as well as many other excellent musicians and teachers who thought they had the right method before. The "Professor" having without even "by your leave" decided for them and you in the following words:—"Mr. Mason is a thorough teacher of vocal music upon the Pestalozzian method, which I am sure you and every sensible man who hears it, will say is the best method ever introduced into England for class teaching." Knowing you and Mr. Hullah to be sensible men I cannot expect you to have any choice in the matter after the Professor's decision. It is much to be regretted that the poor fellows have been labouring so long in vain, and must now learn a new system.

The Professor would have been answered sooner, but for my engagements in teaching, which occupies my time from half past six in the morning until six in the evening every day, besides three nights in each week, I have forty pupils to whom I give two lessons each week, besides three singing classes, each two lessons per week. I send you our village paper, which contains programmes of our two last concerts all the performers being my pupils, from which you can see what I am doing in a village with less than two thousand inhabitants. When I first came to the village (nearly five years ago) nothing was to be heard but "Ole Virginia" reels, and hymn tunes in the style of the "Professors." But they have long since vanished and left better things, as you may see by the programmes.

Yours truly,
J. M. DEEMS.

P.S. Please let us have Mr. Macfarren's opinion of the Schumanites.

THE PLAYMATES.

(Translated from the German.)

A MAY-DAY, under the bright blue, charming heavens of Italy, has a magic, a charm about it, of which we children of the North, are hardly able to conceive, and of which we can only occasionally form some slight idea, in our dreams. The earth smiles joyfully, and radiates in its loveliest attire; the sun glances down upon it in earnest, eager longing; and the air is like to a fragrant balm. The heart of man is more joyous in all this splendour, and rejoices with all around; and he gazes at everything as longingly and as ardently as the sun itself. A cold, life-wearied countenance is as rarely to be seen there as an ice-flower.

The more striking, therefore, was the appearance of a young boy, who, on a May-day in the year 1793, sat quite alone, on the sea-shore of the beautiful town of Genoa, which like a happy bride, reposes at the side of the proud ocean; he was sitting with his back to the town, gazing in silence at the shining, immeasurable surface of waters. It was a child of about ten years, of a slender form, with a fine, but pale, countenance, dark hair, thick, dark eye-brows, and the most wonderful black eyes in the

world. The expression of these eyes was almost supernatural on account of its rapid changes; now fiery, proud, triumphant; now melancholy and sad as death itself.

The clear, lovely voice of a child suddenly interrupted the silent meditations of the young dreamer; a charming little girl came running along, and threw herself on his breast, exclaiming:

"Naughty Nicholas, where have you been the whole afternoon? I have been looking everywhere for you!"—and thus saying, she sweetly kissed him, gazed lovingly at him, with her joyful, brown eyes, and finally showered a multitude of flowers upon him, from out of her little neat white apron; wild roses, twigs of myrtle, and orange flowers.

Nicholas embraced the little speaker, smiled joyously, passed his hands gently down her beautiful black locks, and softly said:

"I have slipped away from my father, Gianetta. I wanted to be alone—to dream a little in solitude—to be *happy*, here, near the bright, clear mirror of the sea! You know very well that it is my favourite resort."

Gianetta, however, instead of returning any answer, commenced, in an eager manner, to upbraid the bad father of her young playfellow. "He gives you no rest day or night," she said. "He will bring you to the grave, said your mother; 'he is not strong and vigorous, our Nicholas!' were her very words: 'his mad fiddle consumes his soul, and his father destroys his body.' She was certainly right!" concluded the little Gianetta, in a sad voice.

"Do not believe that!" replied Nicholas, earnestly; "I shall not die; I *cannot* die, until I have become a great man, and *weak* I am not. See here!" And thus speaking, he stood erect; his figure appeared to grow taller; his eyes sparkled in wild fire; while around his mouth played a strange smile; he suddenly lifted Gianetta from the ground, and held her with a powerful grasp over the waters at his feet. The little girl did not grow pale in the least, did not even move, but merely softly sighed as Nicholas placed her again on the sea-shore at his side; she spoke not a word, but gazed on him in a timid manner. She soon, however, recovered her usual merry appearance, chattered and sang, and Nicholas listened patiently to all her thousand little plans, to all her stories about her flowers and turtle-doves; and if he sometimes sunk into troubled meditations during her sweet prattlings, she would awake him with a gentle kiss, or with a soft pat on his cheek; and she was so happy and joyous!—so beautiful, so indescribably lovely!

And so they sat by one another, on the sea-shore; above them the deep blue heavens. The sun shone brightly on both the youthful heads; the forehead of the boy, however, was serious and sorrowful, while the lovely countenance of the girl was as smiling as a spring morning. Late in the afternoon, as it began to grow dark, they went, arm in arm, towards home; they wandered through many wide streets, until, at last, they came to a very narrow and crooked one, at the end of which were two houses, on whose sides clambered thick grape vines. In one of these houses lived Gianetta; in the other, directly opposite, Nicholas. The boy went to meet the dark, angry countenance of a stern, severe father; Gianetta's mother stood, anxiously watching the return of her child, on the threshold, and as she came in, kissed her lovingly. The children said "good-night," and parted.

As Nicholas entered, with a deep sigh, his little, lonely chamber, he opened hastily the low window, in order to let in the cool night air; then took from out of a small, coffin-like box, an old violin, gazed at it with a look of passionate tenderness, and commenced extemporising. The clear, wonderfully expressive tones penetrated out into the still night, and resounded so powerfully, again and again, in the little narrow chamber, that the very walls appeared to tremble and shake. Hardly, however, had the first tone sounded, when an uncommonly large and handsome spider crawled from out the thick grape vines, on to the window sill.

"Welcome, Silberkreuzchen,* welcome!" said Nicholas, softly, as

* An untranslatable word altogether. It is used here as a nickname for a pet. The translation of the word "Silber" is *silver*, and that of "kreuzchen," *little cross*; so that the whole may be supposed to mean "little silver cross." Of course, such a name, for a pet, would be quite ridiculous in English, for which reason I give it in the original. H. M.

he laid his hand gently on the sill. The spider crawled quickly upon it, and Nicholas placed it gently upon the violin, where it remained still and motionless, listening to the rich tones, which irresistibly overpowered it with delight. The boy played until his arm grew weary, his eyelids began to sink; and *morning*, dressed in bright, rosy light, peeped in. He then laid his beloved violin carefully away; the spider returned to consciousness, and glided, as if in thanks, through the pale hand of Nicholas, who carried it to the window, where it soon disappeared in the thick grape-leaves. The boy followed it long with his eyes; the feeling of comfortless loneliness came over him—a feeling which overpowered him every night, when "Silberkreuzchen," the singular auditor and companion of his dark child-life, had left him.

Nicholas clung to his little, faithful creature, with a heart-felt, tender love. The first tone of his violin always brought it to the window-sill, and not till the last tone had died away, did it awake from the sweet stupefaction—from the wonderful magic dreams, into which those lovely melodies had soothed it. Often, when Nicholas was lost in silent meditations, dreaming of the fulfilment of his many wishes and proud hopes, and at the same time mechanically moving his bow back and forth over the violin strings, "Silberkreuzchen" would come softly hopping along, and the boy would feel its touch like a gentle kiss, forget his loneliness, and forget that no one loved or cared for him. His father was like a severe master to him; his gentle mother was dead; all the children of his age shunned him, with strange timidity. The little Gianetta was the only one who played with him, and kissed him; and Nicholas' heart was shared between the dear girl, and his singular window-friend.

Gianetta could not bear spiders: "They are sorceresses!" she said, in a timid manner. Nicholas never placed "Silberkreuzchen" on his violin, when Gianetta was there, and, listening breathlessly to his wonderful fantasias, had seated herself in one corner of the little chamber. The spider seemed very soon to be conscious of Gianetta's dislike, for it never came in, when she was there; but if Nicholas, at such times, went to the window, and looked anxiously and inquiringly out, he always saw his dumb auditor hanging motionless on a grape-leaf.

Gianetta was never satisfied when Nicholas' arm sank down in excessive weariness, and the sweet tones had died away; he must then relate her something, which he always did with pleasure. But he did not merely tell a few wild, awful stories, to the attentive child; no, he transferred, also, all the dreams of his own passionate heart, all the multitude of plans of his ambitious soul, to the true, silent breast of the charming girl. And she would never reply a single word, but merely press his fever-hot hand closer and closer in her own, and gaze at him with her large, clear eyes, in wonder and admiration. When he told her about the celebrated master Mozart, how he had composed great concertos when he was but sixteen years of age, and how, even then, he shone a bright, resplendent star in the heavens of music, his cheeks would burn, and he would literally tremble in his excitement, and hot tears of sadness streamed from out his dark eyes.

"Only think, Gianetta!" he would then say, with a bitter smile; "what a poor, miserable bungler am I, compared to him!" And even the lovely Gianetta was not able to comfort him at such moments.

One day, Nicholas had been playing under the oversight of his stern father, many different exercises; his hands were quite tired out, his forehead glistened; all his strength, the whole life of his body, appeared to be collected in his eyes; they shone in a wonderful manner. He suddenly heard the voice of Gianetta's mother; she called, in an anxious tone, his name. Nicholas hastened to her; Gianetta had been suddenly taken sick; a hot fever had attacked her. She gazed long and earnestly at him, her play-fellow, her friend; he understood her glance, and hastily went for his violin. His breast was full of trouble and anxiety.

"Gianetta, a slumber-song for you!" he wildly cried. She sweetly smiled, while the boy's magic violin sang the most singular, the sweetest, and the most soothing of all slumber-songs. When he had finished, Gianetta sat upright in bed, and called him by name; he rushed to her arms. "Thanks, thanks, my dearest!" she softly whispered;—"Nicholas, I shall sleep sweetly. You, however, cannot yet be at rest! You must shine on the earth, a

bright, triumphant star. But go away, far away from here! Think of me and of these words!" The lovely child ceased; she bowed her little head; a slight shudder trembled on her beautiful countenance, and she was reposing on Death's dreamless pillow.

Nicholas remained the whole night by the beloved corpse; the next day he wandered, half crazy, about the streets. As he returned home, late in the evening, his little dark chamber filled him with horror. From his window, he looked directly into Gianetta's room; candles were burning there; the child lay on a bier, strewn with flowers, buried in flowers, and lovely, indescribably lovely. Near the coffin knelt a monk, praying for the young, pure soul, which had so early taken its flight.

"Farewell, dearest, sweetest heart!" murmured the sorrowing boy; and hot tears rolled down his pale cheeks; "I am going away so far,—ah! as far as I possibly can! There is nothing now to keep me here; me, the unloved, the uncared-for!" He fell on his knees, and sobbed violently. At that moment he felt a soft, strange touch on his hand; he looked up—"Silberkreuzchen" glided along. "It is you, poor dumb creature; ah! you are now the only companion of my life!" cried Nicholas, gazing earnestly at the true insect. At last he continued: "One more parting song for Gianetta, and then away in the wide world with thee, thou most dearly beloved of my heart!" With these words he pressed his violin passionately to his breast; then the strings sang more wonderfully, sweeter than ever; tones trembling with agony and nevertheless ravishing, floated over to the slumbering Gianetta; the dead child appeared to smile, the flowers to move; the praying monk let fall his folded hands, and strange ravishing dreams came over him.

As the morning sun, with her bright, glowing eyes, glanced into the little chamber, she saw a half-unconscious boy, lying on the floor, his violin in his arms; on the strings of the violin hung "Silberkreuzchen"—dead.

Was the prophecy of the lovely Gianetta ever fulfilled, think you? The boy's name was NICOLAS PAGANINI;—have any of you ever heard anything about him?

Dramatic.

DRURY LANE.—A new historical drama, entitled *Louis XI.* was produced here very successfully on Monday last. Before entering into a criticism of the piece, we must notice one fact that greatly redounds to the credit of Mr. W. R. Markwell, to whose pen we owe the English version. That gentleman says expressly in the bills that it is "adapted" from the original work by Casimir Delavigne. This is at it ought to be, and we should like to see the example followed by some of our "popular and original" writers, who, we fear, would find the tide of their popularity and originality, like Spanish rivers in summer, dwindle away to very insignificant proportions, if anything were to happen to that respectable publisher, Mr. Jeffs, of the Burlington Arcade. Mr. Markwell is content with that share of praise to which he is entitled, for a very elegant and terse adaptation of a great French work; and, after all, we think there is some slight merit in being able to present to a London audience the thoughts of a grand foreign author, in a manner of which that author, had he been alive, need not have felt ashamed. The plot of the piece is but a secondary consideration. The grand merit consists in the masterly delineation of the character of Louis XI., known to the general mass of English readers through the medium of Sir Walter Scott's admirable novel of *Quentin Durward*. The wily, false, treacherous, and superstitious monarch, is drawn by Casimir Delavigne in a manner which need fear no comparison with the work of Sir Walter Scott, and every feature of the original portrait has been faithfully preserved in Mr. Markwell's copy. This was a task of no ordinary difficulty, and reflects the more credit on Mr. Markwell, as the original five acts have been required to be cut down, in the English version, to three; but despite of this, which must naturally detract from

the beauties of a piece which depends almost entirely on character, *Louis XI.* is a great production, and is to be classed among the finest efforts of the dramatists of any age or time. The part of Louis XI. was intrusted to Mr. Davenport, and right well did he acquit himself of his arduous task. We never saw him to such advantage, and the frequent applause with which his performance was greeted must have proved to him, very satisfactorily, that the audience fully appreciated his exertions. Mr. Davenport certainly made a hit, and it requires but little power of prophecy in us to predict that the part of Louis XI. will be a stock character with him whenever he shall return to America. As we are always frank, we will state that the only portion of Mr. Davenport's conception of the character in which we differ with him occurs at the end of the second act. On ordering that the Court shall go into mourning for the death of Charles the Bold, Mr. Davenport delivers the words in a comic and sarcastic manner, as if fully aware of the discrepancy between his conduct to the Duke when living, and his sorrow for him when dead. This is not in character. Louis XI. is as serious when he commands this last mark of respect to be paid to his rival as when he stops in the midst of the most nefarious schemes, to listen, in reverential awe, to the sounding of the *Angelus*, or to recite a prayer to the blessed Virgin. The comic effect should be produced by the strong contrast between the King's words and actions. The other characters are of minor importance, but they are all very well represented. Every one exerted himself to the utmost. We may mention particularly Mr. Edward Sterling, Miss Fanny Vining, and Miss Feist. The latter young lady made a most interesting Dauphin, and delivered her speeches with all due emphasis and discretion. The dresses and scenery were very good, and the whole piece exceedingly well put upon the stage, thanks to the taste and experience of Mr. Edward Sterling. The applause at the conclusion was long and unanimous, and Mr. Markwell appeared before the curtain to bow his thanks in obedience to a general "call" to that effect.

HAYMARKET.—At this theatre was produced, last Saturday, for the first time upon a public stage, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's comedy of *Not so Bad as we Seem*; or, *Many Sides to a Character*, originally played before her Majesty, at Devonshire house. There is about as much plot in it as there was lately in Milan—despite all the mendacious reports of the Austrian authorities—but even the little that there is, we are spared the necessity of setting forth, as it has already been described in the *Musical World* and its numerous contemporaries, over and over again. We say the "necessity," because, strange as it may appear, the general mass of readers always insist upon knowing the minutest particulars of a new piece through the medium of the papers before they go to see it; a practice which, of course, detracts naturally from the dramatic interest, and various *coups de théâtre*, whose principal merit lies in their being unexpected, and taking the audience by surprise; this said practice appears about as sensible as it would be for a person, previous to eating an orange, invariably to request the vendor from whom he bought it, to extract all the juice with great care before selling it. From this necessity, however, as we have said, we are in the present case relieved. The want of plot is a serious defect in *Not so Bad as we Seem*. When people are stupid enough to engage in a steeple chase, they always have some object to which they direct their insane course, and which forms the goal of their wishes. The same ought to hold good in every dramatic production. The audience, too, should also have some object in view to which they know the author is conducting them; this gives a zest to the various emotions they have to go through, like that produced by the bogs, quagmires, and ditches, the steeple-

chaser is obliged to traverse; and if this is wanting they go floundering about, losing patience at every step they take, until at last they become perfectly tired out, and vote the piece a failure. This applies to the first three acts of *Not so Bad as we Seem*. We have all sorts of characters walking on the stage—and walking off again, without any particular purpose, something after the manner of that French monarch, who is reported by popular tradition, to have marched up a certain hill with a numerous army, and after doing so to have marched down again, for no possible reason that ingenuity can devise, or a fervid imagination assign. The last two acts differ materially from the preceding ones, in as much as, for the first time in the play, the author has presented the audience with something like dramatic interest, and the consequence is that the spectators, having obtained a glimpse of what the matter is about, rouse themselves from their lethargy and show how delighted they would have been to have hailed with enthusiasm a new comedy by the author of *Money*, if the author of *Money* would only have given them a chance. We repeat it, *iterum iterumque*, the comedy is deficient in interest, and this is a fault for which all the fine writing in the world cannot atone, otherwise the first three acts of *Not so Bad as we Seem* would have been a triumph instead of—what they were. The dialogue is excellent, brilliant, and sparkling in the highest degree, and written with a nice perception of what is requisite for stage-effect. When we read the dialogue of Sir Edward Lytton's novels, we cannot avoid awarding it the palm for ease, grace, roundness, and, when occasion requires it, majesty. When we read the dialogue of his comedy, we should be inclined to condemn it as disjointed and bald, did we not recollect that it was not written to be read but to be played. And herein does the author give a lesson to the "fine writers" of the present day, who would considerably increase the merit of their dramas, if they would only leave out the long-winded passages they so much affect, about "waving pines," and "mountain tops," and "beetling crags, o'er which old Father Time," *et hoc genus omne*. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton never forgets that his comedy-dialogue is meant for the stage, and, therefore, like a great dramatist as he is, composes it accordingly, as the old sculptor carved his statue, which struck the spectators with admiration and wonder as soon as it was placed in the elevated position it was intended to occupy, although it had, at first, been denounced as clumsy and inelegant when viewed nearly, which was precisely how it ought not to have been viewed, and how the sculptor never intended it to be viewed. Yes, beloved dramatists of England, take example by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and remember, in writing dialogue for the stage, the old maxim, *Respicere Finem*.

Of the acting of the Comedy, we feel great pleasure in being able to speak in terms of high praise. There was not, with scarcely an exception, a single character which was not beautifully and artistically rendered. Even those of minor importance were admirably sustained. We may instance, for example, the Hodge of Mr. Coe, which was really a most finished performance, and made us regret that it was not longer. Messrs. Keeley and Buckstone as Mr. Shadowly Softhead and Mr. Goodenough Easy, may be fairly entitled to the praise of having, as our Gallic neighbours express it, created their respective characters themselves, for not even those who are tolerably skilled in such matters, would, on reading the play, suspect that the two characters in question were susceptible of being brought out so strongly. We may mention, more especially, the drunken scene at the conclusion of Act 3, which, without going beyond the limits of legitimate comedy, kept the audience in one incessant roar of boisterous

laughter, and was worth a dozen of our most successful farces put together. Sir Geoffrey Thornsides, the suspicious good-natured deluded gentleman, was played by Mr. Webster, with the feeling and the skill of a true artist. Nothing could be finer than the manner in which he portrayed the agony of a sensitive and good-hearted man, at the recollection of an injury—inflicted by one whom he had overwhelmed with kindness and affection; nothing more faithful to nature than the gleams of his former unsuspecting disposition peeping out, like bright sunbeams, from behind the dark and murky clouds of mistrust with which the whole prospect of his worldly happiness is overcast. Free from exaggeration, rant, or the least attempt at overcolouring, Mr. Webster's Sir Geoffrey Thornsides, is a picture full of nice touches of the light and shade of sentiment, reminding us of some of Rembrandt's grand compositions, in which the general gloomy tone of the colouring only serves to bring out, with magical effect, some prominent portion of the painting which is bathed in a sea of refulgent light; it is admirably conceived, and the execution is worthy of the conception. Lord Wilmot, the kind young reprobate, who, like his friend Soft-head, is, after all, a "monster," as he himself expresses it, more because it is the fashion than because he has any particular liking for vice,—Lord Wilmot, who, beneath the slight veneer of polished profligacy, conceals the true, sterling oak of an English heart, could not have found a better representative than Mr. Leigh Murray. This gentleman possesses natural qualifications which fit him peculiarly to play those parts in which a fine, manly, and above all, gentlemanly bearing, is required; and these natural qualifications he has rendered still more effective by a persevering and conscientious study of his art. His Lord Wilmot is full of the nicest touches of character, and is marked by an ease and elegance especially his own. It is a most life-like portrayal of the frivolous, careless, gay nobleman of the time of the first George,—the Pelham, so to speak, of the days of "little Pope," only with a somewhat stronger flavour of manliness than is to be found in the Pelham of the present day; and in the last acts, where he rises above the conventionalities of rank and fashion, Mr. Leigh Murray displays a degree of force and earnestness—an amount of deep-felt pathos, which moves the soul and enlists the sympathies of every right-feeling person present. His impersonation of Curll, the bookseller, too, displays the talents of Mr. Leigh Murray in a perfectly new light, and proves that he is something more than an excellent comedian, in the general acceptance of the term. Something so good, and so totally different from his ordinary line of business, we were certainly not prepared to see. It took us completely by surprise. The greatest praise we can bestow on it is to state simply, that until the scene was half over, and Mr. Leigh Murray resumed the appearance and bearing of Lord Wilmot, there were but few, very few of the audience who were aware that the sharp, testy old bookseller, was no other than Mr. Leigh Murray himself. To use Mr. Curll's own expression, Mr. Leigh Murray's bookseller was, like the Memoirs he comes to obtain, something exceedingly "smart and spicy—smart and spicy!"

Our limits prevent our noticing in detail the other gentlemen in the piece. Suffice it to say that they were all far above mediocrity. The ladies have but little to do; but Mrs. Leigh Murray, as the Lady of Deadman's Lane, and Miss A. Vining as Barbara, made all they could of two small and insignificant parts. Miss Rosa Bennett attempted to play Lucy; but we shall never think she succeeded, until such time as we are convinced that smiles and flippancy are the distinguishing characteristics of a poor young girl who is sick at heart, and a prey to the most bitter sorrow at the idea of giving up what

she loves most on earth. The piece was splendidly got up; the dresses were rich and—correct, a circumstance for which we feel grateful. The scenery was new and well painted, and the “properties” strictly accurate. At the fall of the curtain the characters were loudly called for; and Mr. Webster announced the piece for repetition every evening, without a dissentient voice.

Reviews of Music.

“PASACAILLE FOR THE PIANOFORTE” (Op. 40—Composed and Dedicated to his friend, Mr. CIPRIANI POTTER.—By E. PAUER. Ewer and Co.

An examination of this *morceau* proved satisfactory, since it shows that the effect produced by its public performance—of which we have more than once spoken—was not more due to the fine playing of its composer, than to the merits of its composition. The first specimens of the “Pasacaille” are to be found in Bach and his contemporaries. Mr. Pauer, without emulating the extreme elaboration of some of the most noted examples, has adopted the form of the old masters. His theme, in G minor, is a minuet in the antique style, but his variations have the modern brilliancy of colour. The variation, page 8, with octaves for the bass, and that, page 10, in the major, with an inner part in triplets, dividing the theme from the bass, are especially showy and effective. While so much that is ephemeral is now offered to the public, the “Pasacaille” deserves to be welcomed by amateurs as a *rara avis*. The dedication of Mr. Pauer’s work to Mr. Cipriani Potter is a just tribute to that eminent master.

“THE SONG OF NIGHT.”—“REMEMBRANCE”—A Song—Words by S. M.—Music by W. H. GRATTANN. Addison and Hollier.

Mr. Grattann eschews the modern ballad school. He aims at a form more German than English. The songs before us are both graceful, smooth, and characteristic of the words, and evidently written *con amore*. S. M. need not be ashamed of his full signature. The verses are excellent. The words of “Remembrance” are imitated from Körner’s “Erinnerung,” which is admirably paraphrased. S. M. must tell his or her name in his or her next song. Mr. Grattann has found a good coadjutor for his tunes.

“L’IRRESISTIBLE.”—Galop di Bravura—Par F. EDWARD BACHE. Addison and Hollier.

Had this galop been signed Voss, Rosellen, Wallace, Osborne, or Brinley Richards, it would have sold in thousands, and attained a popularity which more than a season would probably not see die. Young Mr. Bache, however, not being so well known to the public as those fashionable composers, must bide his time. “*Il arrivera*”—as Jules Janin said of Paul de Kock, after perusing the sixty-sixth romance of the *bourgeois* novelist. Mr. Bache’s galop is gay, stirring, brilliant, and, if you please, “irresistible.” It is in A flat, requires a rapid and ready finger, and will well repay the practice bestowed upon it. The themes, if not strikingly original, are short, apt, and well contrasted. The plan of the whole is clear, straightforward, and admirably conducted. Musicians, no less than amateurs, will find pleasure in executing the “L’Irresistible,” since it is not more pleasing than it is professor-like. We recommend it, as one of the best things of its kind that has recently proceeded from the hands of a London engraver.

“GRAND VALSE DI BRAVURA”—For the Pianoforte—Composed by HARRIET S. SCARSBROOK. Cramer, Beale and Co.

This piece is more masculine than feminine. It is sturdy and vigorous throughout. It has not a little of the *pasacaille* in its form and conduct, and the variations are brilliant and effective. It is, however, a real *Valse de Bravoure* (in the key of B flat), as it pretends to be. Here and there we are reminded of other things, and especially at pages 4 and 5, where there is a souvenir, if not a plagiarism, from the famous *Invitation* of Weber. As the work of a lady it is, indeed, highly meritorious, and from its correctness and fluency we guess that the authoress must be a professor of no mean proficiency.

“WATER-SPRAY”—Rondolletto for the Pianoforte—By LINDSAY SLOPER. T. Chappell.

In this charming little piece, the qualities of taste and elegance are as evident as the finish and freedom which betoken the hand of a musician and a master of his instrument. It is, as its title states, a *rondolletto* (in E flat). The name, “Water-Spray,” is somewhat fanciful; but not more so than the music. A prettier sprinkling of notes, indeed, we have rarely seen upon paper. The ladies will hover about it in swarms.

RIMBAULT’S HARMONIUM TUTOR—By EDWARD F. RIMBAULT. T. Chappell.

An excellent method for teaching an instrument which, whatever may be thought of it by musicians, has attained a very wide popularity. Dr. Rimbault is an experienced hand, and knows better than most men how to put together such useful compilations. The harmonium, or percussion organ, needs no description; and did it need one, we should refer our readers to the very concise and intelligible remarks of Dr. Rimbault. The studies for practice, mostly from the works of the great sacred writers—Handel, Bach, Mozart, Marcello, &c., &c., are selected with great judgment. Some of them are very difficult, for example, the magnificent fugue in D, from the immortal *Forty-eight* of John Sebastian Bach; but all of them are useful, and players, both young and old, will find benefit from practising them. On this occasion we presume Dr. Rimbault has not appropriated the inner parts of any other compiler.

Miscellaneous.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD’S “Elena,” Valse Brillante pour le Piano. “The Past is all our own.” Ballad. By Arabella Goddard. London: Wessel and Co.—Miss Arabella Goddard, though, unfortunately for us, unknown in Liverpool, is a young and charming pianiste, and a great favourite in the metropolis, where she lately made a most successful *debut*. She is, in fact, a real artistic prodigy, for her compositions mentioned above prove her to possess the true musical *icon*. The “Elena” is a tuneful and fascinating waltz, with a fine original melody, and a freshness of style which is alike charming and novel. When performed at one of Julien’s last concerts at Drury-lane, it met with unbounded success amongst the audience, and received laudatory notices from the severest critics. “The Past is all our own” is a ballad written by Mr. Desmond Ryan. The words are pathetic, and the sentiment unaffected, while the music is wedded to them most expressively. It is dedicated to Miss Dolby, for whose voice and style it is peculiarly suitable.—*Liverpool Mail*.

MR. JEFFERYS, of Soho-square, has, we understand, purchased the copyrights and plates to the extent of many thousands, a large portion of which was formerly published by Mr. Willis, of Bond-street. A complete catalogue of this new accession to his extensive stock will shortly be issued.

HERR STAUDIGL, the eminent vocalist, has been fulfilling a lucrative engagement at Vienna. The renowned basso comes to London at Easter, to remain during the season.

HERR KUHE, the fashionable pianist, is now at Brighton, but will return to London early in the season.

HARP UNION.—A meeting was held at Erard’s Room, Great Marlborough street, on Tuesday week. The programme was as follows:—Nocturne for three harps, Oberthur, Messrs. Trust, T. H. Wright, and Boleynne Reeves. Grand duo for two harps, on Rossini’s *la Donna del Lago*, Herz and Boehsa. Grand trio, F. Ries. Grand duo, on Rossini’s *Moise*, Gatayes and Schunke, Mr. Boleynne Reeves and Mr. T. H. Wright. Trio for three harps, grand march, T. H. Wright, (dedicated to Her Majesty Queen Victoria,) Messrs. T. H. Wright, Boleynne Reeves, and Trust. Duo Concertante in B flat, Mr. T. H. Wright and Mr. Boleynne Reeves. Wedding March, Midsummer Night’s Dream, Mendelssohn, arranged for three harps by Oberthur, Messrs. T. H. Wright, Boleynne Reeves, and Trust. The following list of fashionables were among those present:—Hon. Lady Lawley, Hon. Lady Capel, Lady Flower, Lady Armytage, Lady Otway, Lady Martin, Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy Col.

and Miss Steel, Col. and Misses Moore, Col. and Mrs. Chambers, Rev. J. Murray, Mrs. Dalrymple, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. and Miss Harrington, Mrs. F. Warden, Mrs. Wm. Gibbs, Mrs. Saml. Platt, Misses Platt, Mrs. Henry Tritton, Mrs. and Misses Willock, Mrs. and Misses Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. and Miss Coulston, Mr. and Misses Prest, Mrs. and Miss Monier Williams, Mrs. Catley, Miss Murray, Mrs. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Swift, Mrs. Brent, Misses Postal, Miss Wickers, M. and Madame Maschek, Mr. C. N. Cole, Mr. Wm. Smith.

HERR JANSJA'S SOIREEES.—The first of these for the present season took place on Monday night in the new Beethoven-rooms. Herr Jansa is one of the best players of Beethoven's quartet music, besides being an excellent musician, and a composer of distinguished merit. His career in Vienna, as the leader of one of the most celebrated quartet parties, and the successor of Schupanzigh, Beethoven's friend and contemporary, is well known; and his fixed residence in England cannot be but beneficial to the progress of good music in the chamber style, of which the public have now so many opportunities of judging. M. Jansa gave a programme of the best music, comprising, among other things, a quartet of Haydn (Op. 77), and another of Beethoven, both of which were played in the true spirit of the author. Herr Jansa was assisted by Messrs. Hennen, Goffrie, and Reed, on the second violin, tenor, and violoncello. The other full piece was the trio in E major, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, the composition of Herr Jansa, which was so justly praised last season, on the occasion of its first introduction, when the pianoforte part was sustained by M. Alexandre Billet. A second hearing justified the good opinion then expressed, and Mr. Aguilar (assisted by Mr. Reed and the composer), one of our most esteemed English pianists, was no inadequate representative of his eminent predecessor. The trio was received throughout with the greatest applause. Some vocal pieces of Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, ably sung by Mademoiselle Hermann, agreeably diversified the programme. Mr. Aguilar was the conductor.

ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The Glee Society has split into two parties, and, as both sections have been extremely active since the separation, it would seem that disunion has not interfered with success. We believe that the party which is now performing at Willis'-rooms, and gave the second of a series of six concerts on Monday night, contains the largest number of the original members. There was very little to remark beyond the excellence of the execution, which by continued practice has realised something very nearly approaching to perfection. The principal singers were Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Hobbs, H. Phillips, H. Barnaby, and Foster. The programme comprised madrigals and glees by Webbe, Spofforth, Pearsall, Knuyvet, Horsley, Morley, and Bishop. In the madrigals the assistance of a small but efficient choir of vocalists is provided. While we were present on Monday night a lively but somewhat common-place madrigal of Pearsall, "Who shall win my lady fair?" founded upon an old song in one of the British Museum collections, was sung without a fault and unanimously encored. The concert was, as usual, divided into three parts, the second devoted to songs and duets, which we must persist in thinking altogether foreign to the scheme. It would be much better to separate the first and second parts by a selection of madrigals and part-songs from the Italian and German schools, modern and ancient. A great deal of monotony would thus be avoided, and the attractions of the performances be augmented in proportion. We are great admirers of the English school of vocal part-music, but we cannot forget, in a liberal consideration of the question, how much is due to our neighbours. The room was very fully attended, and the performance gave evident pleasure.

WINTER MUSICAL EVENINGS.—The second of these interesting soirées came off on Thursday. It was a most brilliant evening. Want of space prevents us from entering into particulars. The great feature of the concert was Molique's fine quartet in B flat, which was introduced at the Winter Musical Evenings with so much success last season. Herr Pauer played an andante and sonata of Mendelssohn's in B, which, though published nearly twenty years ago by Novello, and one of the most interesting

pianoforte pieces of the great composer, has been entirely overlooked by his admirers. Full particulars in our next.

WE REGRET to have to record the demise, on the 15th instant, of Miss E. M. Card, daughter of Mr. Card, the flautist. She was a member of the Royal Society of Female Musicians, a pupil of Dr. Bexfield for the organ, and of Mrs. Anderson for the pianoforte; and for her general conduct and amiable manners was beloved and respected by all who knew her.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. JOHN BISHOP'S Letter, Harry Lee Carter, Messrs. Dando and Perry's Concerts, Provincial, Reunion des Artes, and other communications next week.

The Pianist's Practical Guide, by F. Weber, will be reviewed next week.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

W. H. L., Glasgow.

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NEW HARMONIUM TUTOR FOR SACRED MUSIC.

BY DR. E. F. RIMBAULT. Price 5s.—The increasing popularity of this beautiful instrument, the Harmonium, has induced Messrs. Chappell to publish an Instruction Book, by which the amateur may learn, without the aid of a master, to perform a variety of first class organ music. The instrument is peculiarly adapted for small churches or chapels, or for domestic use on the Sabbath. The present tutor, containing a careful selection from the works of Handel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Rineck, Mendelssohn, &c., is strongly recommended to the public as the only one extant adapted exclusively for sacred purposes. A large stock of the best Harmoniums at prices varying from 10 to 15 guineas. A list, with full descriptions, will be sent free on application to Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

WATER SPRAY. By LINDSAY SLOPER—Just published, Mr. Sloper's favourite Morceau de Salon, for the pianoforte, entitled "Water Spray," price 3s. Also, "The Sunbeam," by G. A. Osborne, price 3s. And the Second Edition of his most popular piece, entitled "Evening Dew," 3s.

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INFALLIBLE Cure of a Stomach Complaint, with Indigestion and Violent Head-aches. Extract of a Letter from Mr. S. Gowen, Chemist, of Clifton, near Bristol, dated July 14th, 1852. To Professor Holloway, dear Sir,—I am requested by a lady named Thomas, just arrived from the West Indies, to acquaint you that for a period of eight years, herself and family suffered from continual bad health, arising from disorders of the Liver and Stomach, Indigestion, loss of Appetite, violent Head-aches, pains in the Side, Weakness, and General Debility, for which she consulted the best men in the colony, but without any beneficial result; at last she had recourse to your invaluable Pills, which in a very short time effected so great a change for the better, that she continued them, and the whole family were restored to health and strength. Further she desires me to say, that she has witnessed their extraordinary virtues in those complaints incidental to children, particularly in cases of Measles and Scarlatina, having effected positive cures of these diseases with no other remedy. (Signed) S. GOWEN.

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JUST PUBLISHED—SELECT SONGS AND PIANO-FORTE PIECES FROM
JULLIEN'S GRAND OPERA, "PIETRO IL GRANDE."

A "Grand Opera" from the hand of M. JULLIEN was to be desired and to be expected. We now have it in a form that does not disappoint us; and self-interest, in looking to the future, as well as gratitude in looking to the past, might alone induce the English public to help forward, with their hearty countenance, a man of genius who is advancing earnestly into his proper sphere.—*Britannia*, 21st August, 1852.

Vocal Music.	Poetry.
andantino LAMENTO.  <p>Oh! Hear'n! hear my pray'r, hear my pray'r! Spare, oh, spare our for-lorn,</p>	<p>O Heav'n! hear my prayer! Spare, oh! spare One forlorn, Left to mourn, With no heart-her woes to share! Ah, me! Far from home Forced to roam, Hope on earth None have I, Save to lay me down and die! Once hope was shining o'er me, And pleasure smiled before me, Each day did joy restore me, And life flow'd gently by! But hope now hath flown, And life's last light is gone!</p>
amoroso ROMANZINA.  <p>Leave me not! leave me not, with-out one kind word or sigh!</p>	<p>Leave me not, leave me not, Without one kind look or sigh! Thou, my star and treasure only! Wanting thee, my life were lonely Leave me not, leave me not, Or leave me here to die!</p> <p>O stay! O stay!—One moment stay! Perhaps this hand I press In death's cold grasp may soon remain! Those eyes no more may bless My soul with light again! Leave me not! leave me not!</p>
andantino MARITIME MELODY.  <p>Be-ov-er Zaar - - - dam! fair smil-ing home! whence peace and joy</p>	<p>Beloved Zwaardam, Fair smiling home! Whence peace and joy Ne'er seek to roam!</p> <p>The heav'n un-likes With earth and sea, A Paradise To make of thee!</p>
andante SCENA.  <p>Fare - wall, Fare - - - well, thou humble cot-</p>	<p>Farewell, farewell, thou humble cot, These hands with pride have toild to raise! On earth to me, what other spot Can lend the charm of tranquil days?</p> <p>Beneath thy roof no fears I knew, Nor anxious thoughts with me did dwell; We part—this heart remains with you, My humble cot, farewell, farewell!</p>
nobile ROMANZA.  <p>Oh, hear be-loved master, hear! The friend who long has serv'd thee well,</p>	<p>Oh! hear beloved master, hear The friend who long hath served the well. Unto his words, oh! turn thine ear, Nor against his fervent prayer rebel.</p> <p>Awake from this hour's fatal dream; The voice of an empire obey! The light of her glory becom, And turn not from her hopes away!</p>
andante ARIA.  <p>Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ev - - - er.</p>	<p>Catherine, I know not where to seek thee; In vain on thee I call! The guests in crowds assemble, And gladness reigns around, Yet 'mid the gay and glittering throng</p> <p>Their Emperor hopeless pines. An Emperor!—Yet, ah! why? If I alone must sigh And dream of joys no more! Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ever!</p>
marziale NATIONAL HYMN.  <p>Sons of Russland fam'd in story, Firm of heart, sincere, un - - - changing,</p>	<p>Sons of Russland famed in story! Firm of heart, sincere, unchanging, Ne'er from truth or valour ranging, Honour's star still shines before you!</p> <p>And patriot love that souls make strong Peace and freedom for your cause have won! While high gallant deeds all nation's own, Shall fame resound your power and glory!</p>
allegro COSSACK WAR SONG.  <p>With ruth - - - less sword we strike the foe.</p>	<p>With ruthless hand we strike the foe! Our home is on the battle plain, Where groans arise 'mid heaps of slain! Death to all—no mercy show! When the cannon roars around, And deep thunders shake the ground, Thro' the flame and smoke we ride Dealing death on every side!</p> <p>And should some trembling wretch, With lifted hand, for pity pray, And plead for wives and babes, Left sad and lonely, far away; Shall we, to softness mov'd, our ma- shame! No, - - - !—</p>
Instrumental Music.	Opinions of the Press.
QUADRILLE. 	<p>From the TIMES.</p> <p>M. JULLIEN'S new opera, <i>Pietro il Grande</i>, was represented for the third time on Saturday night. The music improves on closer acquaintance—a strong testimony in its favor. Instead of three encores there were four, on both occasions; and on both the audience remained till the end. There is, to speak faithfully, much to admire in <i>Pietro il Grande</i>. In the first act, the choruses of sailors and <i>bandieres</i>, the madrigal, the scene of Peter, and the Muscovite hymn; in the second, the banquet scene, including Mazoukoff's drinking song, and Roseomak's Cossack war-song, the quartet, due to Catherine and Peter, and septet; in the third, Catherine's prayer, Lefort's romance, with double-bass obbligato, and the dramatic scene for Roseomak a d the conspirators; these, with the waltz and <i>Hodoudais</i> (act 1), and the <i>seurazur</i> (act 3), are fair proofs of M. Julien's talent as a dramatic composer. That the opera, having so many good things to recommend it, will be a favorite with the public, can hardly, we think, be doubted.</p>
VALE HOLLANDAISE. 	<p>From the EXAMINER.</p> <p>Our space compels us to give but a brief account of the details, and we must content ourselves with merely mentioning the chief musical features. The chorus of the <i>bandieres</i> of the dockyard behind the scenes, is extremely pleasing; and Madlle. Anna Zerr's opening cavatina, "O mio gentili," is gracefully written, and the variations written for a <i>voix d'exception</i>, light and sparkling. A madrigal, "In un deli' amia-u," was re-demanded, and after it comes the great feature of the opera, a hymn, "Di Muscovite letti Agli," founded on a Russian melody, which was sung by Signor Tambriluk and the chorus. This, also, was most unanimously encored. In the incidental ballet, Jullien has introduced a waltz which eclipses all his former Terpsichorean productions.</p>
MAZURKA. 	<p>From the LITERARY GAZETTE.</p> <p>M. JULLIEN'S <i>Pietro il Grande</i> was at length brought out at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday, the delay having added to the public curiosity concerning an event so novel. The performance has proved that M. Julien is capable of higher employment than as a leader of light Terpsichorean harmony. No one has ever disputed M. Julien's great taste both as a melodist and harmonist; or his original talent for musical description in short pieces. His astonishing fertility of ideas, and facility in metre and rhythm, which is the charm of orchestral, as well as poetical combinations, were universally acknowledged; but his astonishing capacity in these respects evinced a presentiment amongst your every-day critics that here was his forte, and that, if he tried a higher flight, he would break down. Just as it was said how could Moore, however "sweetly attuned," enter into the lists with Scott and Byron, it was said how could Jullien enter the lists with the authors of <i>Mazoukoff</i> and <i>The Prophet</i>? He has done so, however, and though resembling none of his compeers, has proved himself as genuine poetical blood as either of them.</p>
PULTAVA MARCH. 	<p>From the MUSICAL WORLD.</p> <p><i>Pietro il Grande</i> was repeated on Saturday and Tuesday, for the third and fourth times. The success of the last performance was greatly superior to any of the preceding. Indeed, the attendance on Tuesday was one of the most brilliant and fashionable of the season—despite the time of year, when the town is nearly empty—and the reception of the opera throughout was nothing short of enthusiastic. Jullien was recalled after each act and the favorite pieces, the Madrigal, Russian Hymn, and Quatuor, were encored with vehemence. The weekly journals have proved themselves strong in faith and appreciation, as may be gathered from the notices we have supplied elsewhere. The success of <i>Pietro il Grande</i> is beyond all dispute, and we have no doubt it will prove</p>

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—On FRIDAY, MARCH 4, will be repeated, Handel's *JUDAS MACCABEUS*. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Deakin, Miss F. Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. H. Phillips. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Secretary's office, No. 6, Exeter Hall.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

CONDUCTOR, MR. SURMAN, Founder, and Twenty years Conductor of the Exeter Hall Oratorios. On WEDNESDAY, the 2nd of MARCH, Haydn's *CREATION*, preceded by the Cantata on the Birth-day of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Composed and Conducted by Dr. J. G. Elvey. The Solo parts will be sung by the Principal Vocalists—Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Clara Henderson, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips, the Chorists and the Gentlemen of the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Band and Chorus will consist of 800 performers. Tickets—Area, 3s.; Reserved Seats, area or gallery, 5s.; Central Reserved Seats, numbered, 10s. 6d.; to be obtained of the Principal Musicians, and at the only office of the Society, No. 9, Exeter Hall.

QUARTETT ASSOCIATION.

UNDER the Immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.—MM. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti beg most respectfully to inform the musical public that they will give a **SERIES of SIX MATINEES** during the months of April, May, and June, commencing on THURSDAY, APRIL 14th, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St. James's. A Pinnist of the first eminence will be engaged for each performance. Critical Analyses of the compositions selected for performance, by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, will be annexed to the programme. Subscriptions for the series, 21 lls. 6d.; Single Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Subscribers' names received by Messrs. Addison & Co., 210, Cramer & Co., 201, Regent-street; Leader & Cook, 63, New Bond-street; S. A. Turner, 19, Poultry, City; M. Sainton, 4, Cork-street, Bond-street; Signor Piatti, 50, Stanhope-street, Regent's Park; and of Mr. Cooper, 3, Windsor Cottages, Haverstock Hill.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS,

FOUNDED 1738, for the Support and Maintenance of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans. The 115th ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will take place on TUESDAY, MARCH 8th, 1853, at the FREEMASONS' HALL. President of the Day—B. B. CABELL, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., F.S.A. The most eminent musical talent will assist on this occasion. Tickets One Guinea each; to be had at the Freemasons' Hall, and of the Committee. JOHN A. IRELAND, Secretary, 12, Rathbone-place.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER

BEGS to announce that his SECOND SOIREE of CHAMBER MUSIC will take place at 27, QUEEN ANNE-STREET, Cavendish-square, on THURSDAY, the 24th inst., to commence at half-past Eight. He will be assisted by Miss Ramsford and Mr. Frank Bodda, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Dando, and Signor Piatti. Family Tickets (to admit Three) One Guinea each; and Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each. May be had of Messrs. Cramer & Co., 201, Regent-street; Mr. H. Olivier, 19, Old Bond-street; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick-place, Hyde Park.

MR. WM. STERNDAL BENNETT

RESPECTFULLY announces that the SECOND of his NINTH ANNUAL SERIES of PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS on TUESDAY NEXT, FEB. 22. The programme will include—Quintet, pianoforte and wind instruments, Mozart; and (by desire) W. S. Bennett's Sonata Duo, pianoforte and violoncello, performed by W. S. Bennett and Signor Piatti. Vocalist—Miss Dolby. Commence at half-past Eight. Tickets to be had at the principal music warehouse, and of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square. The third and last performance will take place on March 15.

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